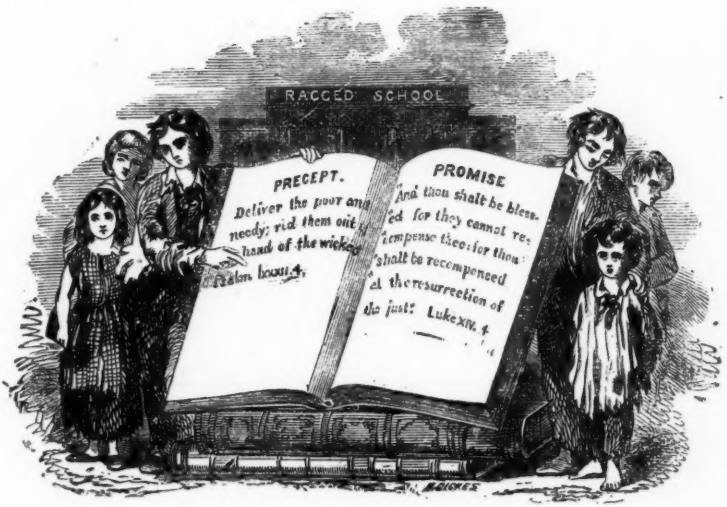
Price 2d.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXI. MARCH, 1863. Vol. XV.


RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked. Psalm lxxxii. 4.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 4.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

CONTENTS.

Papers, Original and Selected— Page

An Attack on one of the Oldest of Ragged School Friends 49
Prayer and Effort; or, a Place in God's World for Every Man 52
The 'Societies' School Agent in the West and South of London 56
The Social and Spiritual Results of Ragged Schools 62
Lancashire Distress.—A Touching Incident 63
"Found after Many Days". 65

The Teachers' Column—
Try Him Again! or, What God Did through Prayer 68
The Teacher's Work is one of Faith . . 69
Not in Vain 69
Poetry—
John Pounds, the Cobbler, the Promoter of Ragged Schools in Portsmouth . . 70
The Open Door 71
Notices of Meetings—
St. Giles's Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children 72
Fox Court Ragged Schools 72

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a box of clothing from Mrs. Ditmas; a box of books from Mr. Ramsden; a parcel of shoes and blankets from Mrs. Bury; a parcel of books and clothing from Mrs. Martin; a parcel of magazines and clothing from Mrs. Reade; and two pairs of boots from a Friend to Ragged Schools.

Donations of old clothes, and books for forming school libraries, will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Mr. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

SCHOLARS' PRIZE MEETING.

The Meeting for Distributing the Prizes awarded by the Committee of the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION to Scholars for having remained in one place for at least Twelve Months, with good character, will be held in

EXETER HALL, STRAND,

On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18th, 1863.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., will preside.

The Scholars will begin to assemble at Five o'clock, Tea will be supplied to them at Six, and the Chair will be taken at Seven.

Tickets are issued from 1, Exeter Hall, Strand.

THE EIGHTEENTH

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

WILL BE HELD IN

EXETER HALL,

ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 11TH, 1863.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

Will take the chair at Six o'clock precisely.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO OFFICERS AND TEACHERS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Special Meetings for Thanksgiving and Prayer.—The Committee of the Ragged School Union earnestly desire that, on Sunday, May 3rd, 1863, Special Meetings be convened in connection with the Schools, for Thanksgiving and Prayer, that God's blessing may rest upon the Ragged School Union Meeting, and give success to the Ragged School effort throughout the coming year.

CONFERENCE MEETING.

A Conference on the need for the extension of Ragged Schools in London will be held on Wednesday, March 25th, 1863, at the Sunday School Union, Old Bailey, at Six o'clock precisely. The Right Hon. the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., will preside. The object of this Conference is, to take into serious consideration the present social and spiritual necessities of the destitute or depraved classes of the metropolis. The Special Report which will be read on that occasion will show, by statistical and other facts, that the Ragged Schools of London, largely attended as they are, do not include more than a moiety of the children eligible for Ragged Schools. It is earnestly requested that those who represent Ragged Schools at that meeting will come prepared with facts to illustrate the needs of their several localities.

WENTWORTH STREET
RAGGED SCHOOLS,
NEAR PETTICOAT LANE, WHITECHAPEL.

TREASURER.

MR. AARON AYSHFORD, 1, Neville Villas, Richmond Road, Dalston; and 9, Friday Street, Cheapside.

HON. SECRETARIES.

MR. JOSEPH WILKINSON, 1, Oxford Terrace, Middleton Road, Dalston; and 186, Shoreditch.
MR. GEORGE PANTON, 8, Albion Square East, Dalston.

COMMITTEE.

REV. JOHN PATTESON, M.A., Rector of Christchurch, Spitalfields.
REV. WM. STONE, M.A., Incumbent of St. Paul's, Broke Road, Dalston.
REV. S. THORNTON, M.A., Incumbent of St. Jude's, Whitechapel.
MR. COLLISON, 3, Mayfield Place, Dalston.
MR. WM. FERRY, 27, West Square, St. George's Road, Borough.
MR. JOSEPH FEARN, 3, Albion Square, Dalston.
DR. KING, King Edward's Road, Hackney.
MR. HENRY HOPKINS, 6, Grange Road East, Dalston.

The Committee much regret having to make this public appeal on behalf of the funds of these Schools, but are obliged to do so, owing to the heavy debt by which they are encumbered, and which threatens to put a speedy stop to their operations unless prompt aid is sought and found.

The Committee and teachers are too much encouraged by apparent results, to relinquish their work without making one more urgent appeal for help.

The Institution is situate in one of the most degraded, depressed, and necessitous localities of London. It is held in a large house, formerly a public-house. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood are chiefly composed of costermongers, stall-keepers, professional beggars, rag-dealers, small tradesmen, dock-labourers, a few hard-working, honest, poor artizans, but, alas! a greater number of questionable and well-known bad characters, who live by systematic thieving and vices of the grossest character. The neighbourhood abounds with low lodging-houses. Here are, in vast numbers, poor children of Jewish, Dutch, German, and English parents, many of whom are very poor and greatly neglected.

Owing to the poverty of the locality in which the Schools are situated, very little help can from thence be derived, and the Committee have to seek assistance elsewhere.

The liabilities for Rent, Taxes, Repairs, &c., &c., now amount to about £180; and to remove this Debt this appeal is made.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Secretaries, or any Member of Committee as above.

Reports will be forwarded on application to the Secretaries.

The following Contributions are gratefully acknowledged:—

	£	s.	d.
Rt. Hon. Earl Radnor	13	13	6
Martin, Sir Henry	2	0	0
Scott, Miss	2	0	0
Shakerley, Dowager Lady	5	0	0
Ripley, Miss	0	15	0

Now ready, price SIXPENCE, Illustrated with numerous Engravings, the January Part of the

LEISURE HOUR, a Family Journal of Instruction and Recreation.

CONTENTS OF THE PART.

1. THE FRANKLINS; or, Story of a Convict: chap. 1 to 14. By G. E. Sargent, Esq., Author of "The City Arab," &c.
2. Adventures in Texas: chapters 1 to 5.
3. A new Fossil Bird; a new British Snake; and a Live Porpoise at the Zoological Gardens. By F. T. Buckland, Esq.
4. Betrothal of the Prince of Wales; with PORTRAITS of the Prince and the Princess Alexandra.
5. The Camp at Boulogne.
6. Napoleon and the English Sailor; with Coloured Plate.
7. Inside a Printing Office.
8. African Hunting: with 3 Illustrations.
9. Visit to the Seven Star Rocks, Shin-hing.
10. The Missionary's Wife.
11. Some Notes on Compositors.
12. Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington; with View of Walmer Church.
13. Two Embassies to the Court of Siam.
14. Something about Admiral Benbow.
15. A Youths' Institute.
16. Garotting and Violence in the Streets.
17. The Omen: an Incident in Scottish Rural Life.
18. Epping Forest in Danger.
19. The Printers' Chapel.
20. City Trees, with Picture of Old Sycamore in Temple Gardens.
21. Postage Stamps.
22. Newspaper Printing Office.
23. The late Prince Consort's Speeches.
24. Varieties.

*** The Part contains a Coloured Illustration, on toned paper, of NAPOLEON AND THE ENGLISH SAILOR, from a Painting by John Gilbert after the Poet Campbell's description.

Now ready, price SIXPENCE, beautifully Illustrated, the January Part of the

SUNDAY AT HOME, a Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

CONTENTS OF THE PART.

1. IVAN AND VASILESA: a Tale of Modern Life in Russia. Chapters 1 to 7.
2. The Cave of Machpelah; with Coloured Plate.
3. Sunday Morning; by Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.; accompanied by a page Picture, copied from a Painting by Alexander Johnston, Esq.
4. Felix Neff: in 5 chapters.
5. The Chinaman at the Gold-fields.
6. Parting of Lord and Lady Russell; with Engraving copied from the Fresco in Westminster Palace.
7. Jervis Vernon; or, Beware of Sowing Tares.
8. Siam and the Siamese; with View of Dr. Gutzlaff's House at Bankok.
9. Dinner for Invalid Poor.
10. Found Out: a Country Parson's Adventure.
11. Work for God; with page cut.
12. How Larry Bond got enough at last.
13. Volcanoes; with Engraving.
14. Religious Intelligence of the Month.
15. THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY:—
    The Easy Yoke.
    A Poor Man better than a Liar.
    Causes of Disquietude.
    The King who came to his own, and was not received.
    Passing away.
16. PAGES FOR THE YOUNG:—
    The Broken Pane; or, Harriet's New Year's Gift.
    Harry Hudson's Pupil.
    The Silver Sleeve Buttons.
    Scripture Enigmas, and Bible Questions on common objects.

*** The Part contains a Coloured Picture representing the Visit of the Prince of Wales to the Cave of Machpelah, the Sepulchre of the Patriarchs, from an Authentic Sketch.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster Row;

And sold by all Booksellers and News-agents.

CLARE MARKET RAGGED SCHOOL.

WANTED, a MASTER for the Boys' Night Ragged School. Open five nights in the week. Salary, £25 a year. Address, by letter, stating full particulars, to Mr. J. PALMER, Hon. Sec., 35, Skinner Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

ONE HUNDRED POPULAR HYMNS, for INFANT, RAGGED, and SUNDAY SCHOOLS, and OUT OF DOOR RELIGIOUS SERVICES, in very large, bold, and clear type. On Roller. Size, 38 in. by 37 in. Price 10s.

C. SCOTT, *Sec.*, BRITISH AND COLONIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION (LIMITED), 5, New Bridge Street, E.C.; and at the Office of the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, Exeter Hall, Strand.

AN URGENT CASE.

The friends of Ragged Schools are earnestly solicited to help the Committee of the

PORTLAND TOWN RAGGED SCHOOLS

to meet the liabilities now pressing upon them. An almost entire failure of funds compels them to make this Special Appeal.

RAGGED SCHOOLS for both sexes,
INDUSTRIAL CLASSES,
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
RELIGIOUS SERVICES, and other means of usefulness, are in active operation.

Contributions will be thankfully received by C. ROBERTS, Esq., 8, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.; Mr. W. A. BLAKE, 38, Southbank, N.W.; and at the OFFICE OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 1, Exeter Hall.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Has been used by thousands of private Families, Shippers, and Emigrants, for raising Bread with half the trouble and in a quarter the time required with Yeast, and for rendering Puddings and Pastry light and wholesome.

The Queen's Private Baker says,—

"It is a most useful invention."

Captain Allen Young, of the Arctic Yacht *Fox* states that—

"It keeps well and answers admirably."

E. Hamilton, Esq., M.D., F.S.A., observes that—

"It is much better for raising Bread than Yeast, and much more wholesome."

To be had of all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn-dealers, and of GEORGE BORWICK, 21, Little Moorfields, in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. boxes.

New Steel Pen.

PERRY & CO.'S "ALBERT" PEN combines all the latest inventions and improvements introduced by them in metal pens. Samples for 2 stamps. Price 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Stationers.

N.B.—Manufacturers of the celebrated Double Patent Perryian Pens.

Children's Penholders.

PERRY & CO.'S ORTHODACTYLIC PENHOLDER is admirably adapted to giving children a free and easy handwriting. Price 1d., 2d., and 6d. each. Sold by all Stationers.

ONE PENNY EACH
PERRY & CO'S
ORTHODACTYLIC
OR
CHILDREN'S
PEN HOLDER
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.
WHOLESALE 37, RED LION SQ. & 3, CHEAPSIDE
LONDON.

Wholesale, 37, Red Lion Square, W.C., and 3, Cheapside, E.C., London.

J. E. EAREE,

BREAKFAST AND TEA CONTRACTOR,

50, HACKNEY ROAD, NEAR SHOREDITCH CHURCH.

J. E. E. respectfully begs to inform the Clergy, Superintendents of Schools, and others who are in the practice of commemorating their Anniversaries, etc., by Public Breakfasts and Tea Meetings, that he has every requisite for such occasions, comprising Tables, Coppers, and China to any extent, in a superior style, at extremely moderate charges.

J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

Rout Seats on Reasonable Terms. Vans, and every requisite for Excursion Parties, with the entire Management, taken by Contract.

COMMUNICATIONS BY POST IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

THE CHEAPEST & BEST IS

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA
SOLD IN PACKETS BY 2280 AGENTS
CHOICE TEA at a very reasonable price is obtained by purchasing the Pure sorts imported by HORNIMAN & Co., London, who to secure reliable quality, have for the last 15 years had their supply not covered with colour, because the Chinese "face" Tea on purpose to disguise and pass off refuse brown leaves, knowing the usual artificial colour hides all defects and makes low sorts appear equal to and sell for the best.
Horniman's Tea in Richness, Strength and Flavour, is unequalled, as it consists only of the Choice Spring growths. Sold in Packets at 3s. 8d., 4s. & 4s. 4d. per lb.

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

OFFICE, 200, EUSTON ROAD, NEAR EUSTON SQUARE, N.W.

PRESIDENT—REV. THOMAS DALE, CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS FROM SEPTEMBER, 1857, TO JANUARY 1st, 1863.

Total cases received	920	Situations provided	440
Total readmissions	123	Restored to friends	234
		Married	14
		Emigrated	7
		Died	5
		Dismissed	21
		Left at own request	237
		In the Homes, January 1, 1863	85
	1,043		1,043

Domestic servants	595	Fatherless	164
Needlewomen	325	Motherless	155
		Orphans	272
		Parents living	260
		Unknown, if alive	63

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Remittances always acknowledged by return of post.

Papers, Original and Selected.

AN ATTACK ON ONE OF THE OLDEST OF RAGGED SCHOOL FRIENDS.

SOME of our readers, and perhaps all, know that our friend Joseph Payne, Esq., has for several years held the office of Deputy Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Sessions ; and those of them who have interested themselves in the trials that occupy the time of the Judges at those sessions, have had an abundant opportunity of forming an accurate opinion of the Christian deportment and gentlemanly bearing of the Assistant Judge Bodkin and the Deputy Assistant Judge Payne. They may have taken occasion to mark the wisdom that has so often been displayed by these Judges, when, calmly, logically, and without bias or haste, they have marshalled the facts proved in evidence, and have thus aided the jury in arriving at a just decision ; a decision by which the innocent were set free, or the guilty left for punishment. The sentence fixing that punishment has, however, never been passed till calmly considered, and the punishment involved apportioned to the guilt of the convicted. Mercy has been mingled with justice, that the criminal may not only be deterred from an evil course, but allured to paths of rectitude for the future. The law has thus been vindicated, the guilty made to suffer, and the stain removed from the character of the innocent.

Messrs. Bodkin and Payne, the Judges of the Middlesex Sessions, are firm believers in the doctrine that "Prevention is better than cure," and neither of them think it certain that "cure" follows punishment as a matter of course. Being confident of the former, and sceptical of the latter, they unite in various Christian efforts by which the embryo criminal is arrested, not by the police, but by the Christian teacher, and led to feel his guilt, not in the presence of an earthly judge, but in the presence of the Judge of judges. His career of sin has thus been stayed, and his physical and moral necessities met. His mind has thus received a heavenly influence at the right plastic period. The man thus benefited while a boy, instead of being a criminal standing at the bar of Judge Payne, condemned by the jury, and waiting the calm, well-considered, and

equitable sentence, is to be found aiding that same Judge Payne on the public platform, in advocating and advancing, by money as well as speech, those very Christian efforts to which he owes, under God, his present social and respectable position.

Singular that a man thus nobly serving God and man, both in office and out of it, should be the one selected for an attack as unjust to him as it was discreditable to the man that made it. Had the Judge fallen back on the powers the law gave him, he might have committed the offender for contempt of court; but he rose superior to his position, and decided to act not as an insulted judge, but as a Christian judge. He therefore resorted to means, in themselves dignified, more befitting a Christian man, and perhaps may prove more corrective in their influence, than the sterner course would have been, had it been adopted.

The public papers have not only noticed this "scene in court," but many have considered it of sufficient importance to give leaders on the subject.

The *Daily Telegraph* of February 20th, in its third leader says,—

"A few days since our readers may remember that a most unseemly disturbance took place at the Middlesex Sessions, arising out of a violent, and, as we think, uncalled-for attack on the Deputy Judge, Mr. Payne, by Mr. Metcalfe the barrister. Some few antecedents of this last-named learned gentleman might warrant the assumption that he is subject to infirmities of temper which are apt to grow embarrassing to those with whom he comes in contact; but however exasperating may have been the circumstances under which he found himself, Mr. Metcalfe would have done well to remember that a court of justice is not the ring in Hyde Park, and that a judicial dignitary is not to be abused as though he were a groom or a coachman. Nettled, apparently, by some course of procedure on the part of Mr. Payne, and arguing on the foregone conclusion that the Judge was unfavourably disposed towards him, Mr. Metcalfe took the almost unprecedented course of challenging the whole of a jury previously to the trial of a prisoner, at a time when the panel was exhausted, and there were no more 'honest men' left to try cases. When remonstrated with, Mr. Metcalfe most offensively declared that he did not choose to have his man tried by a Judge who not only summed up the evidence, but dictated to the jury what verdict they should find. The jury themselves protested against the counsel's assumption, but he persisted in it; and what is called a 'scene in court' ensued. Mr. Metcalfe continued his attacks on Mr. Payne, who replied, we are bound to admit, with great equanimity, though not without a becoming protest, against the indignity offered to him; and this most painful scandal was at last temporarily compromised by the jury being dismissed, and the trial of the prisoner postponed. We should be curious to learn what the individual in the dock thought of the tact and temper of his advocate. It was impossible, however, that the matter could rest here, or that so gross an outrage on the dignity of justice could be overlooked. We perceive that Mr. Payne has availed himself of an opportunity to explain what notice he had taken of the refractory barrister's conduct. The most obvious course to adopt would have been the committal of Mr. Metcalfe to prison for contempt of court; but the learned Judge has wisely shrunk from adjudicating in a case bearing on grievances personal to himself, and has enclosed the

report of the 'scene' at the Middlesex Sessions to the treasurer of the Inner Temple, to which learned society Mr. Metcalfe belongs, with the view of his behaviour being investigated by the Masters of the Bench. We trust the Benchers will show in this conjuncture, that they are not entirely destitute of the attributes of a Council of Discipline, and that they can visit with the sternest of reprimands the misconduct of an advocate of very moderate standing in his profession, who appears to have flagrantly and wantonly insulted a highly-respected and conscientious occupant of the seat they are bound in all honour to sustain, since it will one day be ascended by some among their own number, and must ever be the ambition of all."

The *Clerkenwell News* of February 18th gives a leader, and with that our readers will be in pretty full possession of all the evidence, and from which they will be able to form an opinion of Mr. Metcalfe, and what he deserves at the hands of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, to whom the case has been referred.

The *Clerkenwell News* says,—

"Our readers are doubtless aware that last week, as a jury was about to be sworn at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, for the trial of two prisoners, a learned counsel challenged every member of that jury, and so prevented the trial. On Deputy Judge Payne saying that the case would have to stand over, the counsel hurled the deliberate insult at the bench, that he did not object to the jury, but to the Judge; and as he could not object to the Judge, he did to the jury, for the purpose of the case not being tried in that court. This exhibition of bad taste and bad temper did not entail on the counsel the crown of martyrdom it appeared he was desirous of seeking, in being committed for contempt of court; for the Judge did not vindicate his own dignity as he might have done, but placed himself on an equality with his opponent, by answering him, though in a different way to that in which he had been addressed.

"Of the counsel who thus acted we have little to say. His public actions and sayings require no comment from us. The public, in such a case, must use their own judgment. But of the Deputy Judge we can speak; and we can say that a more thoughtful and careful judge, a more generous and noble-hearted man, does not breathe. On the bench he ever tempers justice with mercy; and after long and arduous labours in the crowded criminal courts of law where felons are judged, he is often engaged in those no less 'criminal courts' where felons are bred, in endeavouring to succour and advise those who have strayed from virtue's ways, as well as in helping to train up the down-trodden children in the way they should go, of criminal and neglectful parents. But for the private efforts of Judge Payne, many a young man who is now earning his honest bread, would have been filling the ranks of those who periodically sojourn in our prisons, and appear only to come out that they may plunder, so as to fee dialecticians to make the worse appear the better cause. That Judge Payne did not assert his dignity on the spot, did not a little astonish us; and though we knew the amiability of the learned gentleman, we did not expect that he would so mildly act in this matter as he has done, and which he noticed in discharging the jury yesterday. The learned Judge then spoke as follows:—

"'Before I discharge you, I think I ought to allude to one case which it was originally intended should have been tried to-day, but which it has been thought better to postpone until next week, when a fresh session will commence. I refer to the case in which a learned counsel made some extraordinary observations with regard to myself. I have one or two remarks which I ought to make. I have been found fault with for not using strong measures with the learned counsel at the time; but I will tell you why

I did not. It is in my remembrance, that very early in my professional life, that eminent and excellent Judge, Sir James Allan Park, was treated by a learned serjeant in a similar manner to that in which I was treated by the learned counsel last week. That learned Judge was inclined to commit his assailant for contempt of court; but on reflection he altered his opinion, and used these remarkable words: "I trust that I shall be able to display the forbearance of a Christian judge." These words I have never forgotten, and upon them I acted in dealing with the learned counsel. By the advice of the Assistant Judge and other magistrates, I have enclosed the extracts from the newspapers to the treasurer of the Inner Temple, to which the learned counsel belongs, and called that gentleman's attention, as well as that of the Benchers, to the conduct of one of their body. I have only further to say, lest the public should suppose me to be the incompetent person the learned counsel alleges I am, that during the five years I have sat on this bench, the number of persons tried before me amounts, to within a fraction, to 2,500; and after careful reflection, I am satisfied in my own mind, that among that large number, not one innocent person has been convicted or one guilty person has received too severe a sentence. Points of law which I have decided have been confirmed by the Judges in the Court of Criminal Appeal; and I have also the satisfaction of knowing, that not one of my sentences has been in any way interfered with by the Secretary of State.'"

The public, we are sure, will be glad to see in this calm statement additional proofs of this most upright Judge's excellent principles and unturned temper, and did not require to be told all that this tells; for we can attest that the sentences passed by him have "ever leaned to mercy's side;" and as to his private character, there is not in this metropolis a person who knows anything of the extensive machinery in working for the prevention of crime, but can speak of the large amount of good effected by this friend of all who are otherwise friendless, desolate, and oppressed.

PRAYER AND EFFORT;

OR,

A PLACE IN GOD'S WORLD FOR EVERY MAN.

(*Continued from page* 39.)

"In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the silver cup;
I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—grey eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad."—TENNYSON.

ONE Sunday night, about six months after the horse scene, the writer had just returned from his Sunday class, closed the shutters, and was toasting his toes before a blazing fire and sipping a cup of tea. Reader, while thus sitting, I was

thus thinking, my eyes fixed on the fire: a line of little faces was slowly passing before me in solemn procession—my class. As it defiled before me I narrowly eyed the skirts of each pupil. I was searching for blood—*the blood*—the blood of the Lamb. The lesson of the afternoon was on these words: "When I see the blood." Reader, are you a Sunday School teacher—a Ragged School teacher? If so, have you seen the blood on the hearts of your children? If not little is done—nothing is done. The angel of the covenant poised on healing wing MUST sail round, and hover over your class, and exclaim, "I see the blood!" Otherwise, your pupils have NO PASSOVER in their year; they are yet in Egypt! Has that angel with full-orbed eye scanned the portal of your own soul, and has he overshadowed you, heard ye the whisper, "I see the blood"? If so, hold on, pray on, teach on, and you also shall see the mystic blood on your little flock—they shall go free.

While so employed, and the vision of little ones yet full in view, the writer was summoned to earthly things by some one "gently tapping at his parlour door." The little serving maid opened the door and announced the arrival of old Thomas Scott, who was no sooner named than he appeared. Old Father Firm, as we used to style him, was a man between sixty and seventy years of age. He had known the Lord for nearly half a century. As soon as he had reached the middle of the room it was filled by the sound of his hardy rolling voice. Seizing me by both hands as was his wont, he exclaimed, "Well, my son, how do you do?—been at work this afternoon?—held the Master of assemblies well up?—brought him and the wisps (his name for the ragged scholars) near each other?—any sparks flying—eh?" All this was uttered in shorter time than it has taken me to write it or you to read it.

Would you like to see this sturdy believer? He was about the middle size, broad-chested, indicating great strength in early manhood, and, for his years, it was not much abated. He had a broad, manly countenance, deeply marked: every feature made its impression upon you. Years, many years had carved the crow's foot near each eye, powdered with snow his raven locks and jetty eyebrows, and ploughed his face with furrows. His lips showed much firmness of character. When any new subject was brought before him, the element of thought, like a dissolving view, would, from a mere speck, gradually expand and diffuse itself over the whole eye, and again as gradually gather itself up into a twinkling spot indicating the subject had been comprehended, mastered, and his mind made up. He was clear in judgment, prompt in action. Once decided on any step, his motto was, "Death or victory." Dignified in manner, yet humble as a child; warm, right warm of heart, yet cool and deliberate; a man of big views, deeply interesting himself in whatever concerned any section of the Church of Christ. To him the whole body was dear, from its head to its humblest member. To the enemies of the Cross he was kind, yet reserved in manner and caustic in speech. To an ignorant, inquiring soul he was soft as summer, and would frequently dissolve into tenderness. A rare old man of God was Father Firm, exceedingly shrewd and far-seeing, often detecting coming events by their shadows, and providing accordingly. The writer used often to make him smile by remarking, his moral nostril was as acute as that of a female pointer. Seldom did results disappoint his predictions. In a word, he belonged to that class out of which in past times God in his wisdom selected the Puritans that

died in Smithfield, were slain for his name among the purple hills of Scotland, and hunted for Christ's sake among the rills and well heads of Canaan.

Trusting the reader has formed some idea of Father Firm, he will now permit us to proceed in our narrative. Before starting, permit us to say that not many months ago, to use his own emphatic words, "he has joined that company of God's host that have crossed the flood and are fighting life's battle o'er again on the banks of the river of life, keeping time to the jingle of their armour dangling over head from the boughs of the trees of the paradise of God." His end was peace. Having removed a month or two before into a new house, he selected his bed-room, and while doing so, he remarked to one of his domestics, "There, now, I'll see the sun first thing in the morning; and this will be a sweet place in which to die." It was even so; for in that room and on that spot he fell asleep in Jesus. Brave old Father Firm! God grant that when the writer shall have seen his last sun rise, he may open his eyes at thy side, and resume with thee the wondrous tale of grace under the same shade, and to the jingle of his discarded armour as it swings overhead amid the zephyrs of the "Better Land."

Immediately after, taking a chair by the fire, and a sip of warm tea, he was asked to unbutton and feel at home.

"I can't do that to-night," he replied. "I have a matter on hand, my son, and you must guide me through the lanes before it is accomplished. You must be eyes and a staff to me."

"But," retorted the writer, "the night is dark and stormy, there's something wrathful in its whistle, and it would pain me were you to suffer by exposure."

"Look ye here, boy," says Thomas: "in these old muscles there is yet a good deal of rope left; and as for the wind, we'll march along bravely while he whistles. The wind, my son, ne'er harms Thomas Scott. We're old acquaintances. Many a night when in business I used to rattle along in my little trap, with the wind for my only company. Often when it ran high, and the dust was flying, I've thought of that fine old verse, 'Yea; he did fly on the wings of the wind'! Yes, sir, the winds are his coursers; and sometimes, when alighting from my humble chaise, and wiping the dust from my hat, I've felt a kind of sublimity steal over me as I remembered how it came there even, from the feet of the horses of Him who rides through the heavens. Come on: there are lessons in the winds, and glory in the dust of March when it falls from the skirts of Jehovah as he flies on the coursing winds."

Here, as he spoke, he struck his stick on the floor, and a thrill of youthful vigour ran through all his limbs, and a burst of fire lit up his eyes, making his fine old furrowed face perfectly beautiful. Recollections of road-side scenes hallowed by the presence of Jesus, and the memories of communion with God as he "did fly" on the wings of the midnight blast, made the "old man eloquent," and Thomas for the moment became young again. There was power in the incident; and all anxiety for his bodily welfare was succeeded by intense desire to know what could be so dear to his heart as to tempt one so wrinkled with years to come abroad in a night so cold.

"Well, Thomas," I exclaimed, "what can I do for you? and on what errand are you so bent?"

"Sir, what I want you to do for me is to lend me your young eyes for the night. As for my errand, it is simply this: I heard, not long ago, that for some months back my friend and neighbour, good Mr Power, through one of his mis-

sionaries, has unfurled the standard of the Cross in Middle Lane, near the Red Lion, and is doing battle for the Lord against the harpies of the water-side. To see how the enterprise fares with my own eyes, and before I die to breathe a "God speed" over its head, that is my errand. You know, my son, how much pain of heart that Red Lion and its accursed seed have cost me. Often have they caused my old blood to boil over, and in silence my eyes to run down with tears. Yes; often, as her offspring spread themselves over theriver and polluted our silent lanes, have I cried unto God, O for one week of youthful vigour, that I might rush among them with open Bible and proclaim with trumpet-voice the severity, the goodness, the tenderness of the great God, our Saviour. But prayer has been answered and the Cross lifted up, and before I die I would like to see it."

I replied, "As far as I am concerned, you shall have my eyes and my feet too." We immediately prepared for starting. After Father Firm had adjusted a large India silk handkerchief above his snow-white neckerchief, and buttoned himself up to his chin, being all right I moved towards the door. Thomas said, "Stop." I turned round. The old man had silently bent his knees and bowed his venerable head in prayer. Just as if his big, old, gallant heart had burst, there issued from his lips such a gush of devotion and intercession as I had never heard before nor since. The globe from pole to pole was grasped in his prayer. O that a world lying in wickedness had been present to witness that hoary believer in his love tearing open its gangrened heart, and in an agony of love trying, trying if possible to concentrate the accumulated rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon its sores. Specially mentioning the case of the Red Lion, he concluded with these remarkable words: "O Sun of Righteousness, arise, and shine on this miserable world, and on that unfortunate district; over both mightily shake thy wings; till, soul-healing like the small rain on the tender grass, thou moisten all the plague-spots in both; for thine own name's sake. Amen."

After rising from our knees, old Thomas seemed agitated, and his cheeks were wet with weeping. Calmly wiping his face and adjusting his Indian neckerchief, striking the floor with his stick, he said to the writer, "Now, son, lead the way into the night." It was an old-fashioned October night. It bit your cheek and chin while it whistled in your ear. Little conversation passed between us as we walked along. The old saint was much occupied with his own thoughts and with his heavenly Father. Occasionally a stray passage would reach my ear as he turned his eye towards the stars. I could not help thinking his sun was nearing its setting, and I was now beholding its last gleams as it slowly declined towards that line in the horizon of a Christian's journey, where it coincides with the surface of the "sea of glass," which laves the shores of the heavenly land, and is lost in the light that is "inaccessible and full of glory."

After a journey of about half an hour, we reached the bottom of Middle Lane, in which stood the school-room rented by Mr. Power. As we turned down the lane, we had little difficulty in discovering the object of our search. Around its door were grouped about a dozen lads and men, unwashed and in rags. Across the field in our rear could be distinctly heard the revelry of the Red Lion. At the school door could be heard with equal distinctness the efforts of the little crowd to silence the voice of praise within. When it first broke on his ear, Old Thomas muttered to himself, "Ay, Lord! the wail of slavery—the song of freedom. That will do—my old heart leaps for joy—the ice is broken, in due time—Jehovah will triumph gloriously. O for a season of

the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." As we neared the door we were greeted with snatches of low songs, street slang, and coarse jokes.

"What are you doing here, lads? Why are you not inside?" inquired Thomas.

"Oh, sir, we are a-doing the grinder outside: the Crusher and his mates are a-doing it inside," replied some one in the crowd.

"My man," remarked Thomas, "did you ever hear of any other door on whose step men and devils meet, 'a-doing the grinder,' with weeping and wailing, in a darker night than this—in outer darkness? You're doing the 'grinder' for fun: they are doing it because they can't help it. You won't go in: they WANT to go in, but it's too late. As a verse of a song says,—

'There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.'

And, lads, as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you don't take care you'll do the 'grinder' there; and it's hard work to grind among everlasting burnings."

A voice here shouted, "Ain't the old fellow 'cute—well up in the old book—knows every verse of the brimstone parts. He's a-dodging us. He's getting up a meeting outside on the sly. We'll be all a-prayering on our marrowbones in a trice, and the Crusher will have the laugh of us. I'll tell you what it is, old chap: you must go inside with your soft things."

"Ah!" says Thomas, "you don't know the Scriptures. Allow me to give you a verse without one grain of brimstone in any part of it: 'Come now,' and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

Just as Old Thomas was about to explain the verse, the hymn that was being sung inside suddenly stopped, and a wild giggle of a laugh took its place. Another pause, and the hymn rises again. Another pause, followed by another laugh. Thomas's spirit was stirred within him. He turned away from the crowd; and applying his stick sharply to the door, we were admitted, and the crowd at our back, and right glad was Mount, the "good body," to see us.

THE SOCIETIES' SCHOOL AGENT IN THE WEST AND SOUTH OF LONDON.

For some years it has been found desirable to engage two gentlemen to regularly visit the affiliated institutions; not so much to detect faults as to strengthen or enlarge existing operations. The Western and Southern Ragged Schools have been placed under the visitation of Mr. Hytche, who in January last presented his ninth annual report. From that report it has been considered desirable by the Committee of the Ragged School Union to make the following *extracts*, as indicating the nature of his labours and the state of the Ragged Schools generally.

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT ON RAGGED SCHOOLS, WEST AND SOUTH. 1862.

In the West and South there are 85 institutions; the Western division comprising 44, and the Southern 41. They may be thus classified: Schools, 79; Schools with Refuges, 3; Refuges, 3. Of these institutions, 61 receive annual or capitation grants.

During the past year, 3 Day Schools were changed into Pay Schools. The fee charged is one penny; but that fee is remitted in the case of those who are known, from visitation, to be too poor to pay a school fee. Whether this attempt to combine a Ragged and a cheap Pay School, will succeed, I have no facts to judge; but that, in addition to our ordinary Ragged Schools, a Penny-a-week School is required to meet the claims of the class which is intermediate between the ragged class and the ordinary pay class, there can be no doubt. In fact, it is this *intermediate* class which so often causes doubts whether some Ragged Day Schools consist of the proper class.

NEW OPERATIONS AND EXTENSIONS.

During the past year 3 schools were established, and there were 26 Extensions; namely, 11 Sunday, Day, and Night Schools, 8 Penny Banks and Clothing Clubs, and 7 Parents' Meetings.

LIST OF OPERATIONS.

The following list will show the amount and kind of machinery connected with the schools of the two districts:—

Sunday Afternoon and Evening Schools	81
Day Schools	73
Night Schools	88
Boys' Industrial Classes	5
Girls' do. do.	40
Refuges	6
Penny Banks	42
Clothing Clubs	31
Parents' Meetings	46
Ragged Churches	40
Total	452

Most of these operations are effectively worked; but many would be still more effective, were the number of voluntary agents more in proportion to the work to be performed.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Sunday Schools are connected with 75 institutions, leaving 10 without Ragged Sunday Schools. 25 Sunday Schools meet in the morning, and are attended by 1,518 scholars; 29 meet in the afternoon, with 4,100 scholars; and 52 Sunday Night Schools are attended by 5,811 scholars. These are

taught, *nominally*, by 1,083 voluntary teachers; but 402 are absent every Sunday, leaving the average attendance of teachers 681.

The Sunday Schools, on the whole, are fairly disciplined. This is mainly due to effective superintendence. For, even when the staff is too small, or teachers attend too late, a good superintendent seems to know how to husband his resources, or to extemporise plans whereby the scholars shall not suffer through the neglect of his co-workers. But where want of order was obvious, it was in most cases due to defective oversight. For example, I found one afternoon two out of the three Sunday Schools visited without actual superintendence; the superintendents being engaged in class teaching, because the regular teachers were absent. This paucity of regular, as distinct from occasional teachers, is the most painful spectacle witnessed by a visitor. Hundreds of scholars are excluded every Sunday evening in most districts, not for want of space, but for want of teachers. Nor is this evil limited to Sunday evenings. For example, in September last, I counted more children between four and twelve playing in the "Devil's Acre" than were in the whole of the Afternoon Westminster Sunday Schools. Such a fact ought to provoke deep humility of spirit; for it indicates, whatever be the cause, that there are as many children of a school age outside, as are gathered within our Sunday Schools.

Turning from this painful subject, I am glad to intimate that Teachers' Prayer Meetings are not only more common, but are held more frequently than formerly. For, as God has connected prayer with blessing, the praying teacher will always be the successful teacher. In 45 Sunday Schools the Prayer-meetings are attended by 582 teachers and 425 elder scholars. The demeanour of the scholars is encouraging, and most regard their attendance as a great privilege. There is, too, reason to believe that in some cases religious conviction has been deepened by such attendance.

Bible Classes for elder scholars are held in 16 Sunday Schools, attended by nearly 300 boys and girls. They serve to retain elder scholars at a critical age, when they can scarcely be expected to associate with mere children. They have also acted as a kind of training class for teachers, from whence aid has been derived in emergencies. In some cases they have formed a link between the Ragged School and the Church of Christ.

DAY SCHOOLS.

Day Schools are connected with 53 institutions. The actual number of these Day Schools is as follows; namely, 11 boys, 11 girls, and mixed, 51; total, 73. The daily attendance is about 7,000.

As in former years, I have paid strict attention to the class admitted. It is often difficult to detect cases of imposition. The unsuitable clothing too often given by ladies, not only makes some girls appear above the right class, but ministers to that love of finery which tends to their ruin. In other cases the tidiness of some is due alone to the prudence of the mothers; whilst the rags of others indicate not so much the poverty as the imprudent habits of their parents. During the past year I have investigated 82 cases in 27 schools.

This led to the immediate dismissal of 48 scholars. Here I think it desirable to intimate, that I consider a periodical revision of the day scholars by the *local* committees is advisable. By this means, scholars who had risen above the class would be removed, and those who had been admitted when the fathers were out of work, would be at once removed on regular employment being obtained.

It is painful to notice the tendency to wear tawdry finery on the part of many of the female scholars. In fact, as a rule, the dirtier they are the more prone they seem to wear ornaments. By public addresses, and by private conversation, I have endeavoured to check this growing evil. For example, last year I remonstrated with 170 girls, in 34 schools, for wearing necklaces. Resisted in a few cases by their mothers; by the aid of the paid teachers I at length succeeded in getting these necklaces removed.

According to your desire, I examined the paid monitors and elder scholars *individually*, in religious knowledge, reading, writing, and arithmetic. 6,529 were present at these examinations. Of these, 3,136 were too young to be thus examined. This left 3,237 scholars and 156 paid monitors to be thus tested individually. As a general result, it appears that 1,335 had a fair Bible knowledge; that 1,534 read moderately well; that 1,822 wrote fairly; and that 1,325 did the first, and 693 the second rules of arithmetic correctly; 392 passed satisfactorily in division, and 509 in multiplication.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

The total number of Night Schools is as follows; namely, boys, 35; girls, 34; mixed, 19; total, 88. The attendance averages 3,660; but there are 5,100 on the books, most of whom attend at least once per week.

As Evening Schools are solely intended for those who from habits will not, or from occupations cannot, attend a Day School, they lose their distinctive character when the age of the scholars indicates that they are fitter for a Day School. Two causes, however, tend to lower the fitting age: 1st, the early age at which our day scholars enter the labour market, renders it needful that they should perfect their education at a Night School; 2nd, the want of voluntary teachers. Thus it appears, that out of 88 Night Schools in the two divisions, only 26 are assisted by volunteers; but of these 15 are solely conducted by voluntary teachers. As voluntary teachers could scarcely be expected to devote four evenings in the week to such a work, a system of relays might be properly introduced. Thus, with a list of twelve voluntary teachers, three might be present each night of meeting. But what would probably be found most effective, would be the devotion of one evening to Bible classes, when the illustrations, both in classes and in the closing address, might be a little more secular than would become the Lord's day. At all events, I despair of the large mass of "roughs," still outside, being attracted within our schools, unless voluntary teachers are found willing to aid in the great work of their social and spiritual reclamation.

Most of the Night Schools are well disciplined. They include many real students; but the tendency of the scholars seems, especially in schools not aided by voluntary teachers, to be more after secular than religious instruction. Hence, if the practice were not earnestly enforced, the Bible would

lose that prominence which is its due, and thus the essentially missionary character of our work would be overlooked.

INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

There are 5 Boys' Industrial Classes in the West and South. These comprise about 100 members. Shoemaking, tailoring, knitting, and net-making are the work introduced. As tailoring would entail little expense, I think that it might be more generally taught by some voluntary lady teacher. Two afternoons per week might be set apart for this work with great advantage to the boys, without over-tasking such voluntary teacher's strength.

Needlework, knitting, and stocking-mending are taught in 40 GIRLS' Schools. These classes are attended by 1,200 members. Sixteen of these classes meet in the evening, and are confined to elder girls. Many of the Day School girls would prefer crochet, or other fancy work, to more useful work; but as such kinds of employment only minister to vanity, and thus to the ruin of body and soul, I steadily resist their introduction. Aided by teachers, as well voluntary as paid, this tendency is checked, and the work of our girls is confined to what will be really serviceable in after-life.

REFUGES.

In the West and South there are 6 Refuges; 3 for boys, with 85 inmates, and the same number for girls, with 100 inmates. The BOYS are engaged in carpentry, wood-chopping, printing, paper-bag making, hair and wool picking, and brush-making. The GIRLS, in addition to household work, are engaged in needlework, for sale, with straw work, and with cooking for the sick.

SANITARY.

The sanitary state of thirty schools occupied much of my attention last year. This was not only desirable but needful; for planted in districts densely populated, they become fever beds, unless great attention is paid to the ventilation of the school-rooms, and to cleanliness both in scholars and schools. For example, in November and December last, no less than 30 children died of fever or smallpox in the Snowsfields School. I am glad, therefore, to report various improvements in the ventilation of the several schools. In addition, the following 5 school-rooms have been either rebuilt or enlarged during the past year; viz., Cobourg Row, Ogle Mews, Webber Row, Robert Street, and Short Street. By this means, with better light and ventilation, 600 more scholars can be accommodated.

BANKS AND CLOTHING CLUBS.

In the two districts there are 42 Penny Banks and 30 Clothing Clubs. Both have had three beneficial effects: 1st, they have cultivated habits of economy in a class the major part of whose poverty is caused by improvidence; 2nd, they have checked the tendency to spend every farthing the scholars

obtain in buying sweetmeats or similar rubbish, and thereby they have counteracted that temptation to infantile gambling, which is presented by too many sweetmeat shops in the by-ways of London; 3rd, the Clothing Clubs have not only supplied materials for the Mothers' Meetings, and the Girls' Needlework Classes, but have trained many to habits of neatness. Without neatness and cleanliness, there is little probability of our girls being engaged as servants. For domestic service, rather than over-stocked trades, with moral evils too black to be described, should be our great aim.

PARENTS' MEETINGS.

In the West and South there are 38 Mothers' Meetings, with 879 members, and 8 Fathers' Meetings, with 331 members. These are usually confined to needlework, reading, or religious instruction; but considering that a large number of adults cannot write legibly, and that many more cannot read fluently, I think these arts might be beneficially taught.

Divine Worship is conducted in 40 schools, with an average attendance of 2,172. Most of these, however, are females; the beer shop or gin palace being, apparently, the church of the male adults.

CONCLUSION.

I am glad to find that the bulk of our friends have not forgotten the purely *missionary* character of our work. Whilst they do their utmost to ameliorate the temporal ills of the districts where they labour, they practically show their opinion, that he is best fitted for the life which now is who has found a Father in God. And though probably the cases are comparatively few of scholars who are really converted, yet, with the Gospel of Christ taught without any mixture of ritualism or neology, there can be no doubt that spiritual fruitage, ripe and rare, will yet be vouchsafed. Already 120 scholars and adults can be pointed out, in my districts, who, by avowed profession and by consistent lives, are as God's lights in the dark districts where poverty compels them to live. Most of these, especially the 70 former scholars who are now voluntary teachers, are active missionaries in those by-ways, and in those dens where the voice of teacher or minister can rarely penetrate.

As revival work always begins in the Church before it reaches the world, my prayer is, that whatever be our path of labour in this good cause, we may be so baptized by the Spirit, as to become fitter conduit-pipes to distribute the water of life. What, indeed, is needed for greater results to follow is, not so much a larger staff of workers, as for those now engaged to have deeper faith in Him who, from what he did on earth and is now doing, evinces that he is more interested in the salvation of perishing outcasts than we can possibly be. But all our labours in Ragged Schools must be pursued in that patient, waiting spirit which, daring not to dictate to God when or how the blessing shall come, treads the path of obedience—"Feed my lambs"—in lowly dependence. Peter and his fellow-sailors toiled all night in vain; but when the Master said, "Let down your nets for a draught," how great was the treasure landed. So in spirituals: let but our Divine Head give this command, and we but have grace given to obey his behests, and great as has already been the success of Ragged Schools, we shall assuredly "see greater things than these."

THE SOCIAL AND SPIRITUAL RESULTS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE following letter in behalf of the Ragged School Union appeared in the February number of "Evangelical Christendom," the organ of the Evangelical Alliance. It is preceded by the following recommendatory remark on our movement by the editor:—

"We commend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers the facts contained in the following letter from an experienced labourer in one of the most self-denying Christian enterprises in the British metropolis."

"Sirs,—It is now nearly twenty years since Ragged Schools were established in the very heart of the Devil's Acre, Field Lane, and St. Giles's. The Ragged School Union has now no less than 175 of these valuable institutions within a radius of five miles of St. Paul's. They include 34,000 scholars, with a daily attendance of 27,000. Not a few of these are orphans; many are almost embruted outcasts, rescued from haunts of vice and misery; whilst others are the offspring of those who hesitate not to train their children to crime. In ninety-two Parents' Meetings, 2,616 fathers and mothers are weekly taught how not to make the *worst* of both worlds. In addition, the eighty-four Ragged Churches—or simple services for the outcast or the forlorn—attract an aggregate congregation of 5,030 every Lord's day.

"But to glance at the social results of Ragged Schools: 700 boys and girls, rescued from the vile dens of London, have already been sent out as emigrants by the Ragged School Union. Placed under adequate superintendence, they are recognised as hard workers in lands of work; and the colonial authorities, when they said, 'Send us some more of Lord Shaftesbury's boys,' testified that ragged scholars are not the least industrious among British colonists. Again, think of the past history of the Shoe-blacks, who, clad in red, yellow, or blue, occupy the broadways of London. The 362 who are thus employed earned last year no less than £4,600, all dug out of the London mud, by lads whose former filth of body too aptly symbolized the moral filth within. Nor must the fact be omitted, that during the past nine years, 4,500 servants were rewarded by the Ragged School Union for retaining their *first* situations to the satisfaction of their employers.

"From much intercourse with the 2,794 voluntary teachers—of all sections of the visible Church, but manifesting their oneness in Christ—who are engaged in the arduous work, I know that, were Ragged scholars only temporally blessed, they would consider their labour as an utter failure. Some of these teachers confer an additional lustre on the coronet they wear; whilst others are mere day labourers, as poor, and some even poorer, than their scholars. At this moment no less than 153 former ragged scholars are zealous teachers in the very schools where they first learnt the great rudimental truth, that there is no rest out of Jesus. Again, dispersed as our scholars are through the wide world, it is satisfactory to be able to point out 173 who are now regular communicants at the Supper of the Lord. Many of these were the vilest of the vile. Of the adults gathered in Parents' Meetings and Ragged Churches, above 200 are known to have been converted, who are now members of various churches. From thorough piety, unmarred by the half-heartedness of this cold age, and lives which speak better than their lips, they have become as God's lights in the dark lanes where poverty compels them still to dwell Other, and as striking spiritual results might be adduced, all proving that the Gospel, even in these days of ritualism and neology, is the only moral Pharos in this benighted world.

"But this sketch of the state of Ragged Schools would not be a correct

photograph were the shadows omitted. Many Ragged Schools are deeply in debt, though the fact that the scholars do not cost 13s. per head per annum, implies that they are economically conducted. The Ragged School Union, too, on whose annual grants about 150 Ragged Schools mainly depend, have expended during the past seven months above £1,700 more than it has received; so that its reserved fund is nigh exhausted. The urgent claims of the cotton districts have apparently led to this calamitous state of things; but unless the funds of the Central Society can be recruited, the grants to the affiliated schools must necessarily be reduced, which, in many instances, would be but a synonym for their cessation.

"This possible discontinuance of Ragged Schools would indeed be a subject for gratulation, were this form of warfare with vice and misery no longer needed. But alas! this is far from the case; and Ragged School teachers are still fighting in the very heart of the enemy's camp. From recent statistical inquiries, there is reason to believe that there are as many still outside as Christian energy has attracted within the London Ragged Schools. As but our plan alone seems to meet the spiritual claims of these British Pariahs, all hope of their reclamation would be lost if Ragged Schools were closed."

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

PERHAPS a more remarkable spectacle has never been witnessed than that of the hundreds of thousands of our countrymen in Lancashire, who are at this moment deprived of the means of earning their daily bread by the suspension of work at the cotton mills. It is remarkable for the uncomplaining manner in which they have borne their sufferings, no less than for the wonderful liberality those sufferings have called forth in every corner of the British empire, as well as in many foreign lands. The rich have come forward with large hearts and open hands to relieve the overwhelming distress; and the poor have cheerfully given, of their very penury, to share the burdens that were yet heavier than their own. Many and noble acts of self-sacrifice have come to light during the collections for the "Relief Fund," which meet with no other reward than that arising from the feeling that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

It is not to record such deeds as these, however, that these lines are offered to the reader, but simply and truthfully to narrate a recent occurrence which is worthy of remembrance as an example of the spirit in which, we may believe, not a few of the sufferers have met the trial that has so largely claimed our sympathy.

An old woman in humble life, who resided in the district alluded to, although not herself a "mill hand," found, from the general depression of trade, that her little means were getting less and less, until the pressure grew too great for her to bear. In her sore poverty she resolved to pack up the few articles she had left, and go to Preston, where she had a daughter, who was married, and with whom she might live. She went to take leave of the minister of a congregation of which she was a member; and on hearing her plan he endeavoured to dissuade her from it; urging her, if possible, to remain where she was, in hope of better times, and adding, that perhaps her daughter might be even worse off than herself.

"That cannot be," said the old woman, "for I am *very* poor, and have nothing left to live on. I will go to my daughter; for that will be shelter for me, at any rate."

The minister, finding that she had so miserable a prospect if she remained in her old dwelling, kindly gave her the amount of her railway fare to Preston, and half a crown besides; and, with many thanks, she took her leave of him, and shortly afterwards departed on her journey. When she reached Preston station, a crowd of boys surrounded her, begging to carry her box, which she refused, as all the money now left in her purse was a half-crown and three pennies. One poor lad, with a piteous look, besought her very earnestly to let him take it for her, adding, "I will carry it to any part of the town for twopence. *Do* let me, for it is the only way I can get a bit of bread, and we're *clemming** at home."

Small as was the sum with which the old woman had to begin anew her struggle with the world, she had a pitying heart; and the appeal thus made was enough. The lad shouldered her box, and followed her through the lamp-lit streets to a humble part of the town, where she knocked at the door of one of the houses, and after waiting awhile, and receiving no answer, she found it was locked. Supposing her daughter might be out on some errand, she desired the boy to put down the box, and, paying him for his services, she seated herself on it, by the door, to await the daughter's return. After a time, the latter came up, and on finding her mother come to settle with her, burst into a lamentation: "Oh! why have you come? for we are starving. I have been out trying to get a morsel for the children, and I can't. What *can* we do?" Her mother calmed her a little, and begged her to open the door. "Let us go in, anyhow; I have a half-crown in my pocket, and you can take that and buy something; and that will carry us over to-morrow, at any rate." They entered, and the old woman drew forth her purse to take the half-crown, when, to her dismay, she found she had paid it to the boy, in the dim light of the evening, in mistake for a penny. This was too much to bear, and both the women sank down and cried long and bitterly over the prospect before them. The mother, however, was a truly Christian person, and when the first burst of sorrow was past, her faith rose triumphant over all. "Well," said she, "never mind: *we have twopence left*, and let us be thankful to God for *that*, and for a roof above our heads. You take it; it will buy bread for you and the children to-night, and I will go on to bed, for I shan't want anything; and let us hope that God will provide for to-morrow when it comes."

The daughter did accordingly, and that night passed away with its griefs and sorrows. With the early morning came a tap at the door, which the daughter opened. A boy stood before her, who introduced himself somewhat briefly with, "Didn't I bring a box here for an old woman last night?" "Yes, you did." "Where is she?" "Up-stairs." "Then tell her to come down; for I want to see her." Very soon the mother made her appearance, and was greeted with, "Missus, do you know you gave me a half-crown last night instead of a penny? because you did, and I have brought it back. Here it is." "Yes, my lad, I did; and I am *very much* obliged to you for bringing it back again. But I want to know how you came to do so; for I thought you

* Starving.

told me you were clemming at home." "Yes, we *are very* bad off," said the boy, brightening up as he spoke; "but I go to Sunday School, and I love Jesus, *and I couldn't be dishonest.*"

This needs no comment. It is simply an instance of what the power of religion can do, when put to the sorest test; for it was *this* that overcame the sorrows of poverty and the dread of starvation in the aged Christian, when no earthly help seemed near; and it was *this* that made the noble boy more than a conqueror, in preferring to suffer the pangs of hunger rather than defile his conscience by a secret sin.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

"FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS."

If a stranger were to see a small boat passing over the flooded lands near some great river—if he were to watch how, as one man paddled it gently along, another stood up, and with his seed-basket slung around his neck, kept dipping his hand into it, and throwing the handfuls of grain around him upon the face of the waters, he would say, "Wherefore is this waste? why is all this grain thrown away?" But it is not thrown away. The "bread-corn" (or grain from which bread is made), though "cast upon the waters," is not lost. Those grains sink down by their own weight through the waters to the soft rich earth below. They sink into that moistened earth. When the waters begin to flow off, those self-buried grains remain each in its own little grave; and after the waters are gone off, and "the feet of the ox and of the ass have been sent in" to tread them in, that bread is "found after many days," and those fields of rich alluvial soil are seen flushing into green, and corn-fields, ripening in the sun, begin to wave where before the waters flowed, till a sheet of golden grain succeeds the sheet of silent waters.

Much of our work as Christian teachers is that of men sowing, not only "beside all waters"—wisely choosing the best ground, even that which is rich, and soft, and moist, the young heart as yet unexhausted by actual sin, with its affections still tender and ready to receive impressions—but our work is that of men "casting our bread upon the waters." Men, as they see us work, might say, "Surely it is thrown away. You will never see those poor children again. They are so migratory in their habits, so irregular in their attendance, that, like the changing waters, they will move away, and your work will be lost." Not so: if we cast "precious seed," even the seed taken out of God's own book—that granary of life eternal—upon many hearts, it will sink into them; it will disappear, but it will not be lost. If the eternal Spirit only quicken its latent germ of life, if the Sun of Righteousness shine upon it, that seed will strike root in the softened heart, and bring forth fruit after many days, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

A young man of most pleasing appearance, with an expression of face the most sweet and bright I almost ever saw, had for a long time attended my church, not only on Sundays, but on the week-days. He looked as if the "peace of God which passeth all understanding" was perpetually keeping

his heart and mind "in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ." So it proved. I sought an opportunity of speaking to him, and found him to be a loving, simple-hearted man, firmly believing and trusting, with the confiding simplicity of a little child, in God's mercy through Christ. I asked him to assist me in one of our Sunday Schools, which he very humbly yet very willingly consented to do; and what he undertook he performed. Regular, punctual, bright and cheerful in look, gentle in tone, affectionate in spirit, he took his place with his class around him, Sunday after Sunday, the bright centre of his little circle, the sun of a small system, every star in which seemed to warm and brighten in his loving presence. His gentle manners and transparent simplicity won the love and respect of his fellow-teachers, who discerned "the excellent spirit that was in him."

So he worked on with us, till the particular trade in which he was engaged suffered from a considerable depression. The cause of this was only temporary; still it lasted long enough to press heavily on him. He carefully thought over his position, and then resolved to emigrate.

He reached New Zealand safely, and I constantly heard from him. His letters were very remarkable. The same, I might almost say divine, simplicity characterized his writing as stamped his life, and looks, and words. He wrote as one who not only *believed* as a Christian, and as every true Christian does, but as one who *realized* all that he believed. Unseen things were real things to him; heaven no romantic notion; God's presence no occasional fancy; Christ's oversight and intercession no doctrinal theory; the help of the blessed Spirit no mere possibility: these were all realities to him; he lived in the midst of them, under the power of them, by the strength which they afforded. He lived as one to whom God's free mercy in Christ had "forgiven all his trespasses;" who had been received graciously and loved freely; who had been "reconciled to God by the death of his Son;" whom Christ now had made not only a free man, instead of a slave, but above a servant, a friend; as one who was now God's child by adoption, and who had a right to call the Almighty God Father, and who *did* call him so, and rejoiced in doing so. He lived as one who was "waiting for God's Son from heaven, even Jesus who delivered him from the wrath to come." To him death was now not the king of terrors, but the summoner of God's court above, the messenger who should call the happy spirit from the outer court into the presence-chamber.

The childlike simplicity of undoubting trust in all God's promises, combined with the depth of Christian experience which this young man's letters showed, I have never seen surpassed, perhaps seldom equalled. I have read those letters to friends, who all felt the same.

In one of these letters he told me the following facts. He was in the bush, at some distance from the town where he worked, and from any house, when he met a youth just springing up into early manhood. They were Englishmen, in a land far away from their own dear England; that was enough. They were brothers *there*. They spoke, they gave each other the Englishman's honest greeting, and sat down on a fallen tree together.

"Where do you come from?" said the elder to the younger.

"From London."

"So did I."

"And from what part of London?"

"From Whitechapel."

"So do I. Do you know the minister, the rector?"

"Yes, well. I was a boy in one of his schools."

"In which?"

"In one of his Ragged Schools."

"I," said the elder, "was a teacher in one of his Sunday Schools."

Here, then, was not only the general bond of common country, but the special and closer one of particular association. They compared notes. They each remembered certain hymns which they used to sing, favourites in their schools, and they sang those hymns together in the wild bush. They remembered certain lessons, which they had both gone through and heard from their minister's lips. For it was my constant habit to teach certain collects and the portions of Scripture for the Sundays in our Sunday Schools, thus instructing both scholars and teachers; for many of the latter were so unceasingly occupied in earning their own bread, that they could not attend, however they might have desired, any classes for instruction in the week. As they drew nearer they found that there was, as it seemed, a bond still closer which knit their hearts together. The once ragged boy was now, to all appearance, a true, earnest, and intelligent Christian. They were brothers in the highest of all senses. They both believed that Jesus is the Christ, and were therefore born of God. They loved God as their Father, as him who had begotten them; they loved one another as "those who were begotten of him;" and they spoke of their common hopes and expectations as *they* may and ought who look upon earth as their school and heaven as their eternal home.

But the elder wished to know more about this young man. He seemed to be all right. He spoke as one who knew what he said. Still, One who is the truth and wisdom of God has said, "By their *fruits* ye shall know them. Not every one that *saith* unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth the will* of my Father which is in heaven." The teacher, therefore, asked where the other lived. He called upon the settler at his farm. He asked whether he had such a young man, naming him, in his employ; and when he said that he had, he asked further what his character was. "Well," said the honest New Zealand Englishman, "I will tell you. I have been obliged to part with several of my men; times are hard, and I have been pressed; but Jack, I never mean to part with *him*. He is sober, honest, industrious, truthful, a faithful servant, and a most loyal subject of Queen Victoria—God bless her!—and I shall never part with *him*." Was not this finding after many days "the bread that had been cast upon the waters"? I am thoroughly convinced that no work rewards the minister of Christ more richly than that of visiting and *personally teaching* the children of his schools. I do not mean that he should go in and take a class now and then, and ascertain their proficiency as an *inspector*, but that he should regularly visit and teach the children, as an integral part of his flock, as their *minister*. He is, as I conceive, bound to do so, as much as he is to teach the grown members of his congregation. "Feed my lambs" was said by the "Chief Shepherd," before he said "Feed my sheep." And that command to his penitent and beloved apostle is not said less to us, his under-shepherds. I am perfectly certain that such teaching is not thrown away; that the associations created in the children's minds are not soon, if ever, blotted out. I have myself seen, after long years of absence, the careless man, who had gone far astray from the innocence of his

childhood into folly and sin, put back in an instant into the recollections and associations of his earliest and happiest days by the voice and face of his old minister and teacher. I have myself known of those who have been gradually and imperceptibly led off from the main line of revealed truth by the branch line of physical science, till the habit of requiring demonstration for everything has been formed; till such demonstration was demanded in heavenly things; till faith was, to all appearance, put aside as folly, and God's word as worthless. I have known such minds as these, when in this state, by a few words uttered by the well-known voice, and in the well-remembered tones of the old teacher, sent back, as in a moment, to the happy days of the Sunday School and the Sunday School gathering. Once more they have knelt by the loved mother's knee; once more they have felt the pressure of her loving hand, now cold in the grave; the buried texts have sprung to life; the memory has shown what was written there, as, like secret writing, it was brought to the power of the light and warmth; and the sceptic has become the child once more in faith, the experienced man in knowledge, and now thoroughly aware of the false course by which he went off from truth and peace.

The minister of Christ who has been the loving teacher of the children of his parish will never be forgotten. The love of children is not hard to win, and once gained, is seldom or never lost.

I am so convinced of this, that when the lambs of the flock have not had *their* portion of tender grass, however we may have "led the sheep of Christ into the green pastures," I feel as if we have not done our work. Others may have done theirs faithfully, but our work, as His servants who has said "Feed my lambs," has not been done.—*The Spirit in the Word*, by the Rev. W. W. CHAMPNEYS.

The Teachers' Column.

TRY HIM AGAIN! OR, WHAT GOD DID THROUGH PRAYER.

"WILL you let your son attend Sunday School, ma'am?" said a Sunday School teacher to a mother who did not cherish the fear of God in her heart.

"I do not care if he does, for I am glad to get him out of the house, especially Sundays. He is an unruly fellow, and if you can manage him I shall be glad, for I am sure I can't."

With this ungracious commendation from his mother, the teacher took the boy. But the good man soon found that this boy was more than *he* could manage. Though only ten years old, he soon became the plague of the class, and the Arab of the whole school. He was brim full of antics. Now he would pinch a little fellow near him till he screamed, and when charged with the offence, stoutly deny it with a face as grave and solemn as penitence. By-and-by, when the teacher's heart was most earnest, and his appeals most tender, this boy would make a grimace so overpoweringly ludicrous as to set the whole class into a roar of laughter. Vainly did the teacher rebuke and entreat. Wickedness and mischief were his delight, and he would not be restrained.

Finding him so incurably disobedient, the teacher had turned him out of school. But when the deed was done he reflected, "I have turned that boy out of school. Into what have I turned him? The streets. To the care of a mother who has no control over him whatever. What will become of him? He certainly will be ruined. I cannot give him up. *I will try him again.*"

Once more, then, the boy was taken into that teacher's class. But he had by

no means improved by his expulsion. He was as reckless, troublesome, ungovernable as before. No school could tolerate such a pupil.

What more could the teacher do? He tried a new measure. He took the little rebel, after school, into a small class-room, and begged him to kneel by his side. The boy kneeled. The teacher prayed until the heart of the boy was touched. Then the teacher arose, and taking the hand of his pupil, told him how Jesus loved his soul and died to save it. Then the boy's heart melted. The tears poured down his cheeks, and between the intervals of his own sobs and his teacher's remarks, he said,—

"I never knew this before. I never thought of that before. I never thought any one loved me. I never thought that it was wicked, and that Jesus saw me."

That precious half-hour of prayer and personal instruction did the work. The young rebel was subdued. His heart was won for Christ. Henceforth he became a quiet, industrious, faithful scholar. The seeds of a strong healthy piety grew apace within him.

Years rolled around, and that "wild boy" became an upright man, an office-bearer in the Christian Church, a Christian sailor. He is now mate of a large merchant-vessel; a distributor of tracts, Bibles, and religious books; the supporter of his mother and family, and the real friend of his former teacher. In a word, all that surplus vitality which, when guided by his self-will and fancy, made him so intractable, is now turned into channels of Christian activity, and he is as earnest for Christ as he was formerly for Satan.

What if that teacher had not tried that boy again? In all probability he would have been hanged. Trying again—that half-hour of personal effort, especially—saved him. If the reader has a pupil whom he is disposed to turn out, I hope the success of the teacher with this young rebel will induce him to try again. Yes, brother teacher, try the intractable little fellow again!

THE TEACHER'S WORK IS ONE OF FAITH.

The work to which a Ragged School teacher is called is emphatically a "work of faith;" and he needs to have this constantly brought before him, for much too often he is ready to yield to the despondency of unbelief, saying, "I'm afraid all my teaching is thrown away, for I never see any fruit." But is not that precisely the very way in which faith is exercised? The work is not a work of sight, but of "faith." The amount of good is not to be estimated by the seen fruits. The teacher must learn to rest simply on the promise of his God, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void" (Isa. iv. 10, 11). What is sowing Sunday after Sunday? Is it not the "incorruptible seed" of the word of God? Then, assuredly, that seed cannot decay and corrupt and come to nothing. No; but "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Down it must sink into the soil of the dear children's hearts, perhaps to lie buried there for many long winter months, and perhaps for years. But there God's eye watches it, and when the early and the latter rain have fallen upon it, it will spring up, and in the great reaping day of the harvest, at the end of the world, the faithful, praying teacher will see that his labour was not in vain.

A Christian is a glass in which Jesus is more or less reflected.

Do not be discouraged Jesus, is your Friend.

NOT IN VAIN.

Psalm cxxvi.

"I have laboured in vain," a teacher said,
And her brow was marked with care—
"I have laboured in vain," and she bowed her head,
And bitter and sad were the tears she shed
In that moment of dark despair.

"I am weary and worn, and my hands are weak,
And my courage is well-nigh gone;
For none give heed to the words I speak,
And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek,
Where the seed of the word is sown."

And again with a sorrowful heart she wept,
For her spirit with grief was stirred,
Till the night grew dark, and at last she slept,
And a silent calm o'er her spirit crept,
As a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And she thought in her dream that the soul took flight
To a blessed and bright abode;
She saw a throne of such dazzling light,
And harps were ringing and robes were white,
Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And she saw such a countless throng around,
As she never had seen before;
Their brows with jewels of light were crowned,
And sorrow and sighing no place had found,
For the troubles of time were o'er.

Then a white-robed maiden came forth and said,
"Joy! joy! for thy trials are past!
I am one that thy gentle words have led
In the narrow pathway of life to tread—
I welcome thee home at last!".

And the teacher gazed on the maiden's face.
She had seen that face on earth,
When with anxious heart in her wonted place
She had told her charge of a Saviour's grace,
And their need of a second birth.

Then the teacher smiled, and an angel said,
"Go forth to thy work again.
It is not in vain that the seed is shed:
If only one soul to the Cross is led,
Thy labour is not in vain."

And at last she woke, and her knees she bent,
In grateful, childlike prayer;
And she prayed till an answer of peace was sent,
And Faith and Hope as a rainbow bent
O'er the clouds of her earthly care.

And she rose in joy, and her eye was bright;
Her sorrow and grief had fled;
And her soul was calm, and her heart was light,
For her hands were strong in her Saviour's might,
As forth to her work she sped.

Then rise, fellow-teacher, to labour go!
Wide scatter the precious grain.
Though the fruit may never be seen below,
Be sure that the seed of the Word shall grow.
Toil on in faith, and thou shalt know
"Thy labour is not in vain."

When the seeds of grace take root in the heart, they grow downwards in humility and upwards in prayer; inwardly by self-conquest, and outwardly by right deeds.

Poetry.

JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER,

THE PROMOTER OF RAGGED SCHOOLS IN PORTSMOUTH.

(*From "Old Jonathan."*)

John Pounds was a merry cobbler,
Gifted with a thoughtful mind,
And a busy hand,
And a head that planned
Ever some project kind.

And his nephew stitching near him,
Learnt from his cheery tongue
Lessons of life
For the world's great strife,
Meet for the soldier young.

John, with his true heart loving,
Cared for the great and small.
E'en for the birds
He had tender words,
Ranged round his workshop wall.

But most for the outcast children
The depths of his soul were stirred,
Who strayed all day
On the world's highway,
With never a kindly word;

On whose lips were the ready falsehood,
The curse and the jest profane.
O'er such he yearned,
And with ardour burned
To gather them home again.

The bad, and the wild, and reckless,
Hearts that seemed hard as stone,
Melted like snow
In the spring sun's glow,
Won by his earnest tone.

Throwing aside his hammer,
Oft would the cobbler run
Through many a street,
In hope to meet,
Haply, some friendless one.

Lured by a hot potato,
Many a hungry youth
Entered the door
Of that dwelling poor—
Entered, and heard the truth.

Eager and anxious scholars
Crowded that workshop small,
While the hammer rang,
And the blithe birds sang
Cheerily from the wall.

What were the cobbler's class-books?
Never a volume new;
But a Bible worn,
And some old books torn,
And some valued handbills few.

Plying his humble labour,
Opening his mouth in love,
The words that he taught,
And the deeds he wrought,
Are written in light above.

Hundreds of ragged outcasts,
Charmed from their evil ways,
Rose up to bless
In their manliness
The friend of their early days.

Reader, hast thou been thinking,
"*I* would be useful too;
Yet without wealth
What are time and health?
Naught can my efforts do"?

Learn of the Portsmouth cobbler!
Friendless and poor was he;
But the ills he braved,
And the souls he saved,
Stars in his crown shall be.

Oh, when the books are opened!
Oh, when the thrones are set!
And strangely clear
To all eyes appear
"The thing not seen as yet;"

In the hearing of holy angels—
Ah, and assembled men—
Then shall be shown
From the great white throne
How the *one pound* gained *ten*.

JOSEPHINE.

THE OPEN DOOR.*

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

* From the "Lamp of Love," and founded on a story in "The British Messenger."

Ere long the burgomaster* passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow smiling said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad:
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."

Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door, [Lord,"
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no birds had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

* The burgomaster is the mayor of a Dutch town or city.

Notices of Meetings.

ST. GILES'S REFUGE FOR HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

THE annual meeting of this society was held at the Music Hall, Store Street, on Tuesday evening, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon in the chair. The Report read by the Secretary stated, that the funds during the last year had fallen off, owing to the existing distress in Lancashire. The trades followed by those received into the Refuge were tailoring, carpentring, and wood-chopping, and the amounts received on those accounts reached £411 17s., in addition to £371 1s. 4d., being work done for the institution. The errand boys' work had produced £96 12s. 6d., and those boys who sold Guides to the Exhibition earned £26 14s. 5d.; while some who had been employed in haymaking earned £27 6s.; making a total for work done of £933 11s. 3d. The sum received on account of sermons reached £191 4s. 3d., and the total receipts for the year amounted to £4,213 18s. 5d., including a balance of £86 13s. from the last account. The payments exceeded the receipts by £338 0s. 4d.; and in addition to this deficit the society would suffer a further loss by the withdrawal of about £400 per annum, the amount of the grant received from the Privy Council. The right rev. chairman remarked upon several features of the Report, which was adopted. A vote of thanks to the President terminated the proceedings.

FOX COURT RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE parents of the children of the Fox Court Ragged Schools, Gray's Inn Lane, had their Winter Treat on Wednesday evening, February 11th, in the ancient hall of the hon. Society of Gray's Inn. This is the third time that the Benchers have testified their sympathy with the Ragged School movement by lending their noble hall to the Fox Court Schools. Upwards of three hundred parents partook of roast beef and plum-pudding. The members of the band of the E Division of Metropolitan Police gave their gratuitous services, and enlivened the scene with a good selection of popular music. The teachers and visitors, who almost daily see these poorest of our poor in their own miserable homes, surrounded by all the accompaniments of want, were truly gratified to notice the effort which they had made to present themselves so remarkably clean and decent on the occasion, and to observe their faces beaming with happiness, and to hear the expressions of thankfulness, both for themselves and their children, for the benefits which they derive from the schools. After the tables had been cleared, the Rev. A. Taylor, Chaplain of Gray's Inn, was called to the chair. Prayer was offered, and various addresses were given, interspersed with singing. Judge Payne, with his usual admirable and telling rhymes, was listened to with intense delight, and Lieutenant-Colonel Colville, Governor of the Coldbath Fields House of Correction, testified to the great work which Ragged Schools are effecting by giving statistics of the wonderful decrease of juvenile delinquency. The parents were urged to care for their souls and the souls of their children, and to avail themselves of the Sunday Service, Weekly Prayer Meeting, and Mothers' Meetings, which are provided for their especial benefit on the school premises. After the benediction, this interesting gathering was concluded with "God save the Queen."

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION,

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street, E.C.
HON. SEC.—MR. W. LOCKE. HON. SOLICITOR.—E. JENNINGS, Esq.
SECRETARY.—MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.
COLLECTOR.—MR. WILLIAM F. BLAKE, 11, Blenheim Villas, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & CO., 54, Lombard Street.

The following Contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of January, 1863, to the 20th of February, 1863.

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
A. H. Salop	1	1	0
A. K.	5	0	0
Alexander, J. W., Esq.	5	5	0
Anderdon, J. H., Esq.	10	0	0
Arnot, Miss	1	1	0
Austin, Miss	1	1	0
Bastard, Mrs. P.	1	0	0
Bastard, Misses	1	0	0
Beadbridge, Miss	1	1	0
Bellamy, Rev. R.	2	0	0
Bennett, Mrs.	1	0	0
Bennett, Mrs.	0	4	4
Bingham, the Misses	2	2	0
Borthwick, Miss	0	10	0
Bowcher, Mrs.	0	10	0
Bowcher, Miss L.	0	10	0
Bridger, Mr. A. W.	1	15	0
Browne, Mrs. Deane	2	2	0
Brown, Mr. W.	1	11	3
Brown, Mrs.	0	5	0
Brown, Miss	0	5	0
Brown, the Misses	0	10	0
Clifton, Miss	1	0	0
Collins, Miss	1	1	0
Collison, Rev. H.	1	1	0
Courthope, G. C., Esq.	5	0	0
Curling, Miss M.	0	10	0
Davies, W., Esq.	1	0	0
Dawson Francis	0	2	6
Dickenson, Miss	0	2	6
Dixon, H., Esq.	2	2	0
Dixon, Colonel	10	0	0
Dunster, Mr. per—			
Henley, Mrs.	0	5	0
Marshall, Miss	0	5	0
Marshall, Miss S.	0	5	0
E. E.	0	7	0
E. LL., col. by	2	2	0
Evans, Miss	10	0	0
Farrer, H. R., Esq.	1	1	0
Flower, Mrs.	1	0	0
Fortescue, J. F., Esq.	1	1	0
Godwin, Miss, per—			
Bond, Mrs.	0	2	6
Butt, Miss	0	2	6
Cave, Mrs.	0	10	0
Clarke, Mr.	0	2	6
C. M. G.	0	5	0
E. B.	0	1	0
E. F.	0	1	0
Johnson, Miss	0	2	6
J. R.	0	1	0
Martin, Mrs.	0	3	0
Mitchell, Mrs.	0	5	0
Mogg, Mrs.	0	2	0
M. T.	0	2	6
Nowell, Mrs.	0	5	0
Silva, R., Mr.	0	5	0
Thomas, Miss.	0	5	0
Thorne, B., Esq.	0	10	0
Turner, B., Esq.	0	19	0
Turner, T., Esq.	0	2	6
Turner, W., Esq.	0	5	0
Turner, Mr. T.	0	2	6
Watts, Mr.	0	5	0
Small Sums	0	9	0
Greatorex, J., Esq.	10	10	0
Gregson, J., Esq.	1	0	0
Hofland, Mrs.	0	5	0
Hunter, Mrs.	1	1	0
Hyslop, Col.	1	1	0
Irvine, Mrs.	1	1	0
Keating, Miss C.	0	5	0
Keysell, Miss	0	10	0
Laurie, James, Esq.	30	0	0
Linton, Colonel	1	0	0
L. K.	0	10	0
Loat, J. H., Esq.	1	16	9
Loft, Miss	0	10	0
McAll, Mrs.	5	0	0
McLorg, Miss E.	1	0	0
Major, Miss A.	1	12	0
Marris, Mr. G.	0	10	0
Merricle-s, A., Esq.	1	1	0
Morris, H., Esq.	10	0	0
Needham, Mrs.	1	1	0
Ogle, Mrs.	10	0	0
Onslow, Col.	2	0	0
Pakenham, Vice Admiral	5	0	0
Pilgrim, Mrs.	0	5	0
Poor of Holybourne, per Miss Tomkyns	1	3	6
Quicke, Mrs. N.	4	0	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	12	6
Rew, Mrs.	1	1	0
Roberts, Major D.	1	0	0
Robertson, Mrs.	1	0	0
Rycroft, C. A. W., Esq.	5	0	0
Sellers, Mrs.	2	3	8
Shershon, J. H., Esq.	1	1	0
Smith, Heathfield, Esq.	2	2	0
Staples, Henry, Esq.	1	0	0
Still, Mrs.	0	2	6
Swanston, George, Esq.	5	0	0
Tabrum, L., Esq.	1	1	0
Tabrum, Mrs.	1	1	0
Thompson, R. J., Esq.	10	0	0
Trist, A.	0	3	0
Trinity Chapel Sunday School, John Street, Edgeware Road, per J. Cunliffe, Esq.	5	0	0
Twinch, F., Esq.	1	1	0
Valiant, Lady	1	1	0
Von Orlech, Madame	3	0	0
White, Miss, col. by	1	10	6
Williams, Miss	0	5	0
Wilson, W., Esq.	10	0	0
Wimbush, Joshua, Esq.	2	0	0
Winder, Betsy Cole, by :—			
A. C. H.	0	2	6
Adey, J.	0	1	0
A. M. H.	0	1	6
Baldwin, Mrs.	0	1	6
Betts, Mrs.	0	0	6
C. A. H.	0	2	6
Daniel, V.	0	1	0
Elm, Mrs.	0	1	0
J. A. H.	0	1	0
Jarman, Mrs.	0	2	0
J. C. H.	0	2	0
L. W.	0	2	0
N. O.	0	0	6
Mackay, Mrs.	0	1	0
Silk, J.	0	0	6
Tuck, E.	0	0	6
Wincer, B.	0	1	0
Winter, T., Esq.	5	0	0
Wright, F. V., Esq.	1	1	0
Worrall, Miss S. M., the late	5	0	0
Yonge, George, Esq., per Mr. Hytche	1	1	0

School Fund.

Field Lane.

	£	s.	d.
Hughes, the Misses	1	0	0
Y., collected by a Lady	1	0	0

George Yard.

S. Chester	1	0	0
S. E.	2	10	0

Grotto Passage.

	£	s.	d.
Brown, Mrs. A. W.	3	6	0
Campmail, Mrs. W.	1	1	0
Wright, F. V., Esq.	1	1	0

North Street.

A. L. Z.	1	0	0

Portland Town.

Hawkins, Miss	0	10	0

Ragged Church and Chapel Union.

	£	s.	d.
Alexander, J. W., Esq.	2	2	0

Spicer Street.

Lesser, Miss, and Friends	5	5	0

Webber Row.

Alexander, J. W., Esq.	1	1	0
Hansen, S., Esq.	1	1	0

Le Sommier Elastique Portatif.

HEAL & SON

HAVE PATENTED A METHOD OF MAKING A

SPRING MATTRESS PORTABLE.

The great objection to the usual Spring Mattress is its being so heavy and cumbersome.

The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF" is made in three separate parts, and when joined together has all the elasticity of the best Spring Mattress. As it has no stuffing of wool or horse-hair, it cannot harbour moth, to which the usual Spring Mattress is very liable; the prices, also, are much below those of the best Spring Mattresses, viz.:—

3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long	. . . . .	£2	5 0
3 ft. 6 in. „ „	. . . . .	2	10 0
4 ft. „ „	. . . . .	2	15 0
4 ft. 6 in. „ „	. . . . .	3	0 0
5 ft. „ „	. . . . .	3	5 0
5 ft. 6 in. „ „	. . . . .	3	10 0

The "SOMMIER ELASTIQUE PORTATIF," therefore, combines the advantages of elasticity, durability, cleanliness, portability, and cheapness.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE,

Sent free by Post on application.

196, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

Printed by ROBERT KINGSTON BURT, of No. 40, Highbury New Park, in the County of Middlesex, at his Office, Holborn Hill, in the City of London; and published by Kent & Co., 21, Paternoster Row, in the City of London.—MONDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1863.